

Sell out

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Summary: Even a Spartan has to make a living. A story on the lighter side of saving humanity. Would love to see some reviews!

Sell out

Particles of frozen liquid whipped in the air as the white out continued. An enormous snowdrift raked down the barren street, covering burnt out husks of cars and knocking over the few remaining light poles.

A section of wall ripped itself free from the building that used to be a bank, now nothing more than a hollow confetti machine, as worthless green paper embroidered with dead presidents danced freely upon unseen surfaces.

The winds howled their way through the buildings, the only sound to be heard throughout the war-torn city, save for the steadily increasing drone of a single engine.

"Echo eight one four, this is Spartan one seventeen needing a dust-off at location one six niner dot two three, copy?" Plasma arced its way on either side of the speeding Warthog, its dead gunner frozenly clinging to the vehicle's mounted armament.

Two Banshees swooped down, and plumes of vapor and water exploded on either side of the Warthog as John sawed the steering wheel back and forth, the back end loosing control momentarily before catching and sending the vehicle bolting forward once again.

"Copy that Spartan. We are on an inbound vector. Be advised, sight visibility is poor at best. Watch out for us to keep from being squashed. Echo eight one four out."

The communication ended as a nearby tree began to give to the enormous weight the frozen precipitation had burdened it with, and fell top heavy toward the Spartan's oncoming vehicle.

An arc of electricity filled the air as the tree crashed through power lines, as if it was a giant walking unknowingly through spider webs.

With a large measure of skill and grace, John jerked the wheel of the Warthog, which responded briskly and accurately to his wishes.

Flood began to pour out from a few of the side streets, but most were not fast enough to catch the racing machine.

The few that were unlucky enough to get close were quickly run over, their heads and limbs squished by the oversized tires and massive weight of the vehicle.

Bullets began to bounce off the Warthog's armor as the flood put their newly acquired weapons knowledge to use, although it wasn't quite honed, a few bullets strayed striking other flood forms and causing their deaths.

A Banshee managed to get a good bead on the speeding vehicle, and let loose a volley of plasma that splashed across the back end, causing portions of metal to heat and liquefy, even in the frigid air.

"Spartan one one seven this is Echo eight one four on station awaiting pickup. Better make it fast Chief; our sensors are off the map with contacts. Don't think they have noticed us yet, but it won't be long."

"On my way, ETA is sixty secondsâ€¦ And I could use some help with some Banshees."

"Roger that Chief, keep your head down. Its about to be raining metal." John could almost hear the smile in the female pilot's voice, and subdued one of his own.

He wasn't there yet, and with all the enemies around, it seemed hardly a time to celebrate.

The city was beginning to disappear in his rear view mirrors, along with the flood, which he hoped would not be near the pickup point.

The two Banshees overhead had finished circling and were preparing for another bombing run. John got the feeling they wouldn't be missing, as the white out was beginning to recede some.

Suddenly it was as if a massive swarm of angry bees had noticed the trio, and were now rocketing themselves in coordinated groups on an intercept course.

Tracer rounds struck the Banshee that had been to John's right, impacted it and set it on fire. Its wings separated and began to tumble through the snow, one of them slicing its way through a car, the other stopping in the thick snow that seemed to cover virtually everything.

The outline of the Pelican was now visible as more angry bees gathered, turning descending snow flakes to fall to the ground as

water droplets, which then refroze shortly after.

The tracers punched a hole through the pilot canopy as purple blood rained down below; the Banshee's pilot was instantly shredded as the craft itself began spinning out of control.

Flames erupted as the Banshee's remnants impacted the ground and exploded.

A smile managed to find itself onto John's face as he viewed the destroyed Covenant craft in the rear view mirror.

The Spartan approached the Pelican quickly and slammed on the Warthog's breaks, sending it into a controlled skid as snow quickly piled up on the right side of it, causing the Warthog's momentum to grind to a halt.

Flood began to pour from the plateau beyond, unholy shrieks and growls seemed to emanate from the Earth itself as the countless numbers approached.

Quickly dismounting the Warthog, John sprinted the last few feet to the dropship's lowered bay door and jumped in.

He pounded his fist against the metal hull in rapid succession.
"Let's get out of here."

A sea of flood had now congregated around the abandoned Warthog, making the Spartan glad to have escaped.

The frozen image of the flood-encompassed Warthog began to fade on the flat screen beside John as the brilliant white light in the room cast an incandescent green glow from the Spartan's armor.

"Hello, this is Master Chief Petty Officer John, Spartan-117 for Michelin tires." I get into situations like this one all the time. Luckily I have the right tires for the job. Michelin X-Treme terrain tires can take all the abuse the Flood and the Covenant can dish out. While soldiers may fall left and right, you can be assured that these tires will see you through to the end."

The camera continued to follow the Spartan as he walked over to a towered set of oversized tires; the top precariously perched diagonally against a clear plexiglass tower.

"So remember Michelin the next time you need tires for YOUR car."

The camera zoomed in to frame the reflective surface of John's visor in the shot.

"Michelin, because so much is riding on your tires."

* * *

>AN: A silly story I know, but hopefully you enjoyed it. Just had to get it out of my head. _**

Note: I do not own Michelin or its slogans, nor do I own John or anything in the Bungie universe

End
file.